

TIM  
McCOY

No. 17

WESTERN MOVIE STORIES

10¢  
F.P.I.

# TIM MCCOY



TIM MCCOY'S GUEST STAR...  
Allan "Rocky" Lane







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# WESTERN STARS

by  
MARIO DE MARCO-



REARED IN THE SADDLE...TEX KNOWS HIS HORSES...LOVES HIS WESTERN PLAINS...LIVES A SIMPLE HEALTHY LIFE.

## TEX RITTER

AN ODDITY IN HOLLYWOOD INDEED....THIS SIX FOOTER...ATTENDED TEXAS UNIVERSITY AND NORTHWESTERN TO WIN A LAW DEGREE GOT IT, AND THEN WENT OUT TO LECTURE ON SONGS OF THE WEST...KNOWLEDGE GAINED AS A BOY ON THE TEXAS PRAIRES!

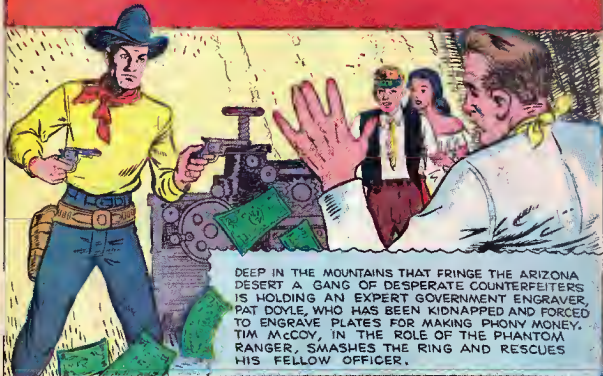
TEX WAS A FEATURED MEMBER OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN RODEO IN NEW YORK!



# PHANTOM RANGER

## COL. TIM MCCOY SMASHES THE COUNTERFEIT RING

ADAPTED FROM THE MONOGRAM PICTURES FILM 'PHANTOM RANGER' STARRING  
**TIM MCCOY**



DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS THAT FRINGE THE ARIZONA DESERT A GANG OF DESPERATE COUNTERFEITERS IS HOLDING AN EXPERT GOVERNMENT ENGRAVER, PAT DOYLE, WHO HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED AND FORCED TO ENGRAVE PLATES FOR MAKING PHONY MONEY. TIM MCCOY, IN THE ROLE OF THE PHANTOM RANGER, SMASHES THE RING AND RESCUES HIS FELLOW OFFICER.

IN THE WASHINGTON OFFICE OF THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE. THE CHIEF HAS JUST SENT FOR AGENT TIM HAYES (TIM MCCOY).

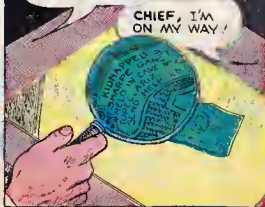
YOU SENT FOR ME, CHIEF?

YES, TIM. WE'VE LOCATED PAT DOYLE. HE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!



THIS BILL IS **BOGUS**. IT WAS PICKED UP IN EL PASO. DOYLE MUST HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD BE FOUND BECAUSE HE ENGRAVED THIS MESSAGE ON THE PLATE. **GO GET 'EM!**

CHIEF, I'M ON MY WAY!

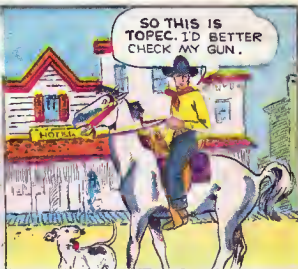


BETTER FASTEN YOUR  
SEAT BELT, MR. HAYES  
WE'RE COMING INTO  
EL PASO.

THAT'S WHERE  
I GET OFF.

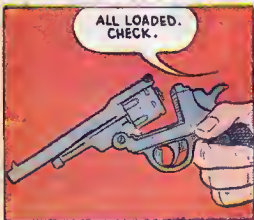


SO THIS IS  
TOPEC. I'D BETTER  
CHECK MY GUN.



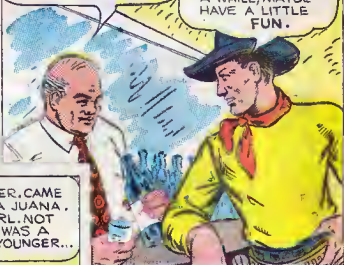
TIM'S FIRST STOP IS THE LAZY DAISY BAR.

ALL LOADED.  
CHECK.



HOWDY, STRANGER. NEW  
TO THESE PARTS, AIN'T  
YE? WHAT'LL IT BE?

THE STANDARD  
STUFF. I WANT  
TO HANG AROUND  
A WHILE, MAYBE  
HAVE A LITTLE  
FUN.



♪ PHEE - WHEW ♪  
LOOK WHO'S HERE?  
WHERE DID SHE  
COME FROM?

NEW DANCER, CAME  
IN FROM TIA JUANA.  
MEXICAN GIRL. NOT  
BAD... IF I WAS A  
FEW YEARS YOUNGER...



WON'T HURT TO  
KNOW HER. I'LL  
TRY OUT MY  
ALIAS.



PARDON, SENORITA.  
MIND IF I SIT DOWN?

INDEED, NO.  
PLEASE DO SO.

YOU MUST BE  
A STRANGER HERE,  
LIKE MYSELF.

WELL, NOT  
EXACTLY.  
I'VE BEEN  
AROUND HERE  
A LOT. BUT  
NOT IN TOWN.

YOU MUST BE  
ONE OF THE  
SHARPE GANG---  
BUT NO, YOU  
COULDN'T BE.

HOW DO YOU  
KNOW? AND  
WHAT'S MORE,  
WHAT DO YOU  
KNOW ABOUT  
THE SHARPE  
GANG?

LISTEN, I HAVE TO  
DO ANOTHER DANCE  
NOW. BUT AFTER THAT  
MEET ME OUTSIDE THE  
REAR ENTRANCE TO THIS  
PLACE. I WANT TO TALK  
TO YOU.

GOOD! YOU ARE  
HERE LET'S GO  
DOWN BY THE  
RIVER.

ANYWHERE YOU  
SAY, SENORITA.

LOOK, EVEN IF YOU ARE A MEMBER OF SHARPE'S GANG, I'VE GOT TO TRUST YOU. I'M NOT A SPANISH DANCER. I'M REALLY JOAN DOYLE, PAT DOYLE'S DAUGHTER.

PAT DOYLE'S DAUGHTER!!

YES. BY MEANS OF A SECRET MESSAGE, I KNOW SHARPE'S GANG HAS KIDNAPPED HIM. I WANT YOU TO HELP ME RESCUE HIM. IT WILL BE WORTH YOUR WHILE.

THAT SECRET MESSAGE DIDN'T COME TO YOU ON A PHONY BILL, DID IT?

WHY..UH...YES. HOW DID YOU KNOW??

BECAUSE I'VE SEEN ONE OF THOSE BILLS, TOO. LAZY, YOU ARE LOOKING AT TIM HAYES, OF THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE. I'M OUT HERE LOOKING FOR YOUR FATHER, TOO.

TIM SWEARS JOAN TO SECRECY AND TOGETHER THEY WORK OUT A PLAN. JOAN AGREE TO POINT OUT MEMBERS OF SHARPE'S GANG SO THAT TIM CAN FOLLOW THEM TO THE HIDEOUT...

WE'LL GO ON INTO TOWN. BUO AND JEFF'LL TAKE CARE OF DOYLE.

THIS IS SOME RACKET, SHARPE.

JUST THINK... A HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS, A MONTH. THAT'S NOT HAY.

HE'S STILL HEADED FOR THE MOUNTAINS, JUDGING FROM THE HOOFPRINTS. LET'S GO, OLD FELLOW.



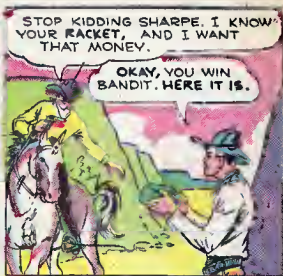
STICK 'EM UP, ALL  
OF YOU! YOU THERE  
IN FRONT, FORK OVER  
THE MONEY!

WE'VE GOT  
NO MONEY.



STOP KIDDING SHARPE. I KNOW  
YOUR RACKET, AND I WANT  
THAT MONEY.

OKAY, YOU WIN  
BANDIT. HERE IT IS.



DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!  
A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE  
MAN WHO GETS HIM!



BUT TIM GOT SAFELY AWAY WITH  
OUT BEING IDENTIFIED. HE LAID  
LOW FOR A WEEK ..... UNTIL  
JOAN TOLD HIM SHARPE WAS  
GOING TO THE HIDEOUT AGAIN FOR  
ANOTHER BUNDLE OF BOGUS BILLS.

AHA! AN OLD INDIAN  
FIGHTING TRICK. TWO ADVANCE  
PARTIES AND THEN THE REAL  
ONE. I'LL JUST WAIT HERE  
FOR SHARPE TO COME  
ALONG AND LASSO HIM.



WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES  
WITH THIS BUNDLE. WE'LL SPLIT  
INTO THREE PARTIES. I'LL GO IN  
THE THIRD PARTY. AND BRING THE  
BILLS. IF HE ATTACKS AGAIN,  
IT'LL BE THE FIRST PARTY  
HE'LL GO AFTER.

YEAH, THAT'S  
RIGHT!

OKAY,  
LET'S  
GO







THE NEXT DAY SHARP TAKES TIM TO THE SECRET HIDEOUT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

TO GET IN, YOU KNOCK TWICE, THEN THREE TIMES. THE BOYS ON THE INSIDE WILL LET YOU IN IF YOU GIVE THE RIGHT KNOCK

I'LL REMEMBER THAT, TWICE AND THEN THREE TIMES.

I'VE SEEN YOUR FATHER, JOAN. HE'S ALL RIGHT. WE'LL HAVE HIM BACK SAFELY BEFORE LONG.

OH, TIM, THAT'S WONDERFUL NEWS.

NO MISTAKE ABOUT THIS, FELLOWS. HAYES HAS GOT THE WHOLE LAYOUT MAPPED OUT FOR US. BETTER LOAD YOUR WEAPONS AND GAS UP THE SQUAD CARS.

WE'VE GOT A COMPLETE PLANT HERE, AND BETTER STILL, WE'VE GOT ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S OWN ENGRAVERS HERE TO MAKE OUR PLATES. YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT. WE KIDNAPPED HIM. SMART, EH?

YEAH, SHARPE. YOU'RE RIGHT ON THE BALL.

JOAN, I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS NOTE TO THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE AGENT AT EL PASO. GO AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN AND TELL NO ONE WHERE YOU'RE GOING. THIS IS A MAP OF THE LOCATION OF THE HIDEOUT. I'M ASKING THE SECRET SERVICE TO RAID THE PLACE AT 3 O'CLOCK TOMORROW AFTERNOON.

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, TIM.

YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME GO ALONG. MY FATHER'S IN THAT CAVE.



THAT AFTERNOON...

THIS IS GOING TO BE THE BIGGEST HAUL YET, AND WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT BEING HIJACKED ANY MORE. BY THE WAY, WHERE IS THAT EX-BANDIT?

HIM? OH, HE SAID HE'D BE ALONG LATER. GETTIN' HIS HAIR CUT.

EVERY MAN TAKE COVER UNTIL HAYES COMES. HE'S TO BRING THEM OUT ONE BY ONE. MISS DOYLE, YOU BE SURE TO LAY LOW.



SAY JEFF, COME OUT WITH ME, WILL YOU? ONE OF MY STIRRUPS IS LOOSE AND I NEED SOME HELP.

SURE, BE GLAD TO HELP.

HEY...WHAT IS THIS?

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, REACH FOR THE SKY.

ONE DOWN, FIVE TO GO.



ONE BY ONE TIM LEADS THREE OF SHARPE'S HENCHMEN INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF THE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

WHERE'S JEFF? WHERE ARE DAN AND BARTON? THEY WERE HERE A COUPLE OF MINUTES AGO.

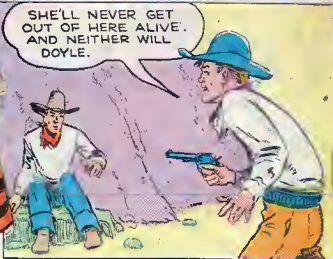
THEY WENT OUT WITH TIM AND THEY AIN'T COME BACK.



YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW, SHARPE, SHE'S HIS DAUGHTER.

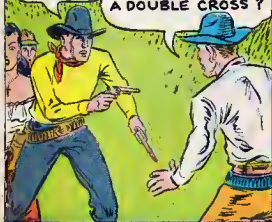


SHE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE. AND NEITHER WILL DOYLE.



YES THEY WILL, SHARPE. HANDS UP, EVERYBODY! AND I MEAN BUSINESS!

WHAT IS THIS-- A DOUBLE CROSS?



JOAN, SEEKING A PLACE OF SAFETY, ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLES ON A BACK ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE.

FATHER!

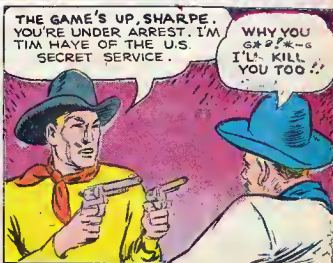
JOAN! HOW DID YOU GET HERE.

YEAH, HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE? AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN CALLING THIS GUY FATHER?



THE GAME'S UP, SHARPE. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST. I'M TIM HAYE OF THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE.

WHY YOU G@\*!-G I'LL KILL YOU TOO!!





DOYLE, YOU AND JOAN GO ON OUT THROUGH THAT BACK WAY I'LL COVER THESE HOMBRES WHILE YOU'RE LEAVING.

THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE, I TELL YOU.

GOOD WORK, BOYS. HOLD HIM DOWN WHILE I GET A ROPE.

TIM TURNS FOR A SECOND TO MAKE SURE JOAN AND DOYLE HAVE GOTTEN OUT SAFELY AS HE DOES SO, SHARPE'S HENCHMEN JUMP HIM AND DISARM HIM.

**BOOM!**

STICK 'EM UP, SHARPE. YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE. WE'RE THE LAW.

GEE, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU GUYS. I THOUGHT IT WAS CURTAINS FOR THIS AGENT.

YOU'VE DONE A FINE PIECE OF WORK, TIM. THERE'LL BE NO MORE BOGUS MONEY AROUND THESE PARTS FOR A LONG TIME BECAUSE THESE CHAPS ARE GOING TO BE PUT OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR A LONG TIME TO COME.

I KNOW YOU WON'T GET A MEDAL FROM YOUR CHIEF, BUT I CAN AT LEAST GIVE YOU THIS DECORATION -- A KISS.

HEY..GOSH..HECK.. I'M EMBARRASSED.

**THE  
END**

# Indian Dances

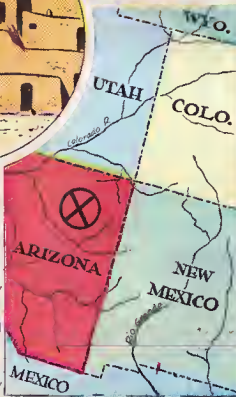
HOW THE RED MAN PAYS HOMAGE TO THE GREAT SPIRIT



TO THE INDIAN, DANCING IS A VITAL PART OF HIS RELIGION... WHEN THE RED MAN DANCES, HE IS PRAYING TO HIS GODS, ASKING FOR RAIN, OR SUNSHINE, OR ABUNDANT CROPS, OR VICTORY IN WAR... IN DEFERENCE TO THE GODS, HE WEARS HIS GAUDIEST COSTUME... OFTEN DISGUISES HIMSELF AS AN ANIMAL... HERE IS THE STORY OF THE INDIAN DANCES...



EVERY INDIAN TRIBE HAS ITS OWN DANCE RITUALS, BUT NONE IS MORE FAMOUS THAN THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE, PERFORMED LATE IN AUGUST EACH YEAR ON THE HOPI RESERVATION IN ARIZONA... INSET IS AN INDIAN PUEBLO OR 'CITY'

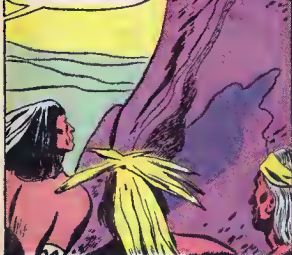


THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE IS A PRAYER FOR RAIN... IT IS THE CLIMAX OF A NINE-DAY SECRET CEREMONY OF THE ANTELOPE AND SNAKE CLANS OF THE TRIBE... THE SNAKES ARE THE MESSENGERS OF THE RAIN GODS AND ARE CONSIDERED VERY SACRED BY THE HOPI





THE EXACT DATE OF THE SNAKE DANCE IS NEVER KNOWN IN ADVANCE... SOME SAY IT TAKES PLACE WHEN THE SUN CASTS A SHADOW FROM A CERTAIN ROCK IN A CERTAIN WAY



THE SNAKE DANCE STARTS IN AN OPEN SPACE WHERE THE INDIANS RAISE A KISI OR CLUMP OF COTTONWOOD BOUGHS... IT IS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT A HOUSE... AT ONE SIDE IS A RAISED PIT OF STONES, IN WHICH THE SNAKES ARE PLACED



FIRST TO APPEAR ARE THE 12 ANTELOPE PRIESTS, EACH WEARING AN ANIMAL SKIN AND CARRYING A BAG OF SACRED CORN MEAL AND A RATTLE



FIRST PHASE OF THE SNAKE DANCE IS A MARCH FOUR TIMES AROUND THE KISI IN TIME TO THEIR RATTLES



AS THEY MARCH IN FRONT OF THE KISI, EACH ONE STAMPS HIS RIGHT FOOT ON A BOARD THAT COVERS A SMALL PIT... THE BOARD HAS A SMALL HOLE OR "SIPAPU" WHICH REPRESENTS THE ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERWORLD WHERE THE GREAT PLUMED WATERSERPENT LIVES



AS THEY PASS THE SNAKE ALTAR, THEY SPRINKLE SACRED MEAL ON IT FROM THEIR BAGS



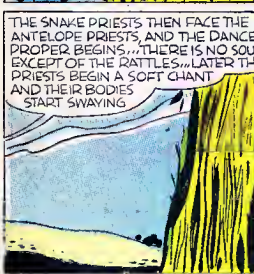
FINALLY, THEY STAND IN LINE IN FRONT OF THE KISI, WITH THEIR BACKS TO IT, AND MARK TIME AWAITING THE SNAKE PRIESTS



NOW THE SNAKE PRIESTS ENTER THE SCENE...THEY CARRY BOWS AND COTTONWOOD WANDS, TIPPED WITH EAGLE FEATHERS...THEY ALSO CIRCLE THE KISI FOUR TIMES, AND STAMP ON THE SIPAPU BOARD EACH TIME



THE SNAKE PRIESTS THEN FACE THE ANTELOPE PRIESTS, AND THE DANCE PROPER BEGINS...THERE IS NO SOUND EXCEPT OF THE RATTLES...LATER THE PRIESTS BEGIN A SOFT CHANT AND THEIR BODIES START SWAYING



ONE OF THE SNAKE PRIESTS LEAVES THE GROUP MOMENTARILY...HE RETURNS WITH AN OLD INDIAN WHOSE DUTY IT WILL BE TO HAND OUT THE SNAKES FROM THE SNAKE PIT...THIS IS CONSIDERED A HIGH HONOR



THE SNAKE PRIESTS NOW BREAK INTO GROUPS OF THREE, AND START TO CIRCLE THE KISI SINGING, THIS TIME MUCH LOUDER...THE RIGHT FOOT IS HELD MUCH HIGHER THAN THE LEFT AS THEY MARCH



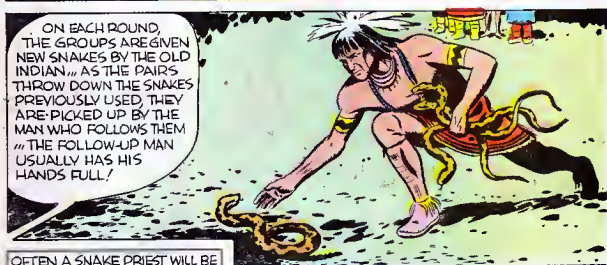
ON THE SECOND ROUND, THE OLD INDIAN HANDS OUT A SNAKE TO THE FIRST GROUP. THE SNAKE IS EITHER A RATTLESNAKE, BULL SNAKE OR RACER.



THE SNAKE PRIEST THEN PUTS THE SNAKE BETWEEN HIS TEETH WHILE HIS COMPANION WAVES HIS WAND IN FRONT OF THE SNAKE'S HEAD. EACH GROUP OF THREE IS HANDED ANOTHER SNAKE.



ON EACH ROUND, THE GROUPS ARE GIVEN NEW SNAKES BY THE OLD INDIAN. AS THE PAIRS THROW DOWN THE SNAKES PREVIOUSLY USED, THEY ARE PICKED UP BY THE MAN WHO FOLLOWS THEM. THE FOLLOW-UP MAN USUALLY HAS HIS HANDS FULL!



OFTEN A SNAKE PRIEST WILL BE BITTEN BY A POISONOUS SNAKE, BUT THE DANCERS ARE IMMUNE TO THE VENOM. THE SNAKES ARE REALLY POISONOUS—NOTHING IS DONE TO REMOVE THEIR POISON SACS.



AS THE SNAKE PRIESTS PASS BY, THE HOPI WOMEN, WEARING BLACK SHAWLS, SPRINKLE THEM WITH THE HOLY CORN MEAL AND ALSO MAKE A CIRCLE OF MEAL IN THE OPEN AREA.





THE DANCE NEARING ITS END, THE SNAKE CARRIERS DROP THEIR SNAKES INTO A CIRCLE OF HOLY CORN MEAL



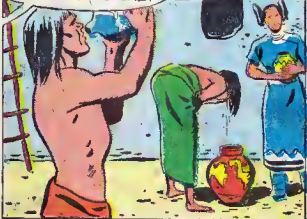
EACH OF THE SNAKE PRIESTS NOW GRABS SOME SNAKES FROM THE GROUND



AND NOW, THE SNAKE PRIESTS, HOLDING SOME SNAKES, RUN NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST, TO RETURN THE SNAKES, NOW LADEN WITH PRAYERS, TO THE PLACES WHERE THEY FOUND THEM NINE DAYS EARLIER



AFTER AN HOUR THEY RETURN, AND WASH CAREFULLY... THEN THE SNAKE PRIESTS ARE GIVEN A MYSTERIOUS LIQUID TO DRINK BY THE WOMEN OF THE HOPI TRIBE... THIS LIQUID MAY BE THE STUFF THAT MAKES THEM IMMUNE TO THE BITE OF THE RATTLESNAKE... THE HOPI KEEP THIS A SECRET



THE SNAKE DANCE IS THE HOPI PRAYER FOR RAIN... ALTHOUGH WE MAY NOT BELIEVE IN IT, WE SHOULD RESPECT HIS RELIGION... REMEMBER THE WOODCRAFT LAW — REVERENCE THE GREAT SPIRIT, AND RESPECT ALL WORSHIP OF HIM BY OTHERS: FOR NONE HAVE ALL THE TRUTH, AND ALL WHO REVERENTLY WORSHIP HAVE CLAIMS ON OUR RESPECT



# Al Jennings, Trainrobber— And Gentleman

*From the Scrapbook of Col. Jim McCoy*

In the history of the Wild West there are many interesting characters, but there are few to match the notorious Al Jennings. The famous Al is one of the last surviving characters of the Old West, and at last accounts was still living in California.

Al Jennings was of the same stripe as Sam Bass, Billy the Kid and Butch Cassidy, and like them he has been celebrated in the songs that the cowboys sing on the range, describing the exploits of these almost legendary badmen.

The chorus of one of the songs about Al Jennings runs like this:

"Al Jennings, Al Jennings. I know you of old;  
You may be an outlaw, but your heart's made of gold."

And that's true. In many a tight spot Al's big-heartedness won him sympathy that stood him in good stead in a later fix. And that's the nub of this story.

Like most of the desperadoes of the West, Jennings operated with a gang. His chief lieutenant was his brother Frank. Both started as range hands but soon tired of honest work. They formed a gang to rob stage coaches, but because they got only a few dollars for the risks they took most of the time, they decided to go in for bigger game.

So they set out to rob trains. Now in those days, the big bandit gangs had their own tipoff men in the banks who would tell them in advance when big cash shipments were coming in by railway express, so that they could be hijacked. Of course, the risks were great; so were the fruits of the crime if they were successful.

One day, the Jennings mob was tipped off that a shipment of \$60,000 in gold to meet a payroll was coming in on a T. & P. train. They planned the job well. Five sticks of dynamite were procured to blow up the express car safe, and half an hour before the train was due to pass an out-of-the-way flag signal station at Chickasha, Okla., the gang took over the station at pistol point, compelling the station agent to set the signal so that the money-train would stop.

While one man covered the station agent, the

five others hid in the tall grass on both sides of the tracks. As the train hove into view, the engineer, seeing the flag signal set to "STOP" slowed the train down. The bandit gang were soon alongside on horseback, and a few shots into the air brought the train to a complete stop.

The Jennings brothers and a third bandit made for the express car, where the clerk sensing the danger had locked himself in. Al threatened to dynamite the car, and emphasized the threat with a blast from his Colt .45. The bullets splintered their way into the car and brought a quick surrender from the express clerk.

"Open that safe!" commanded Jennings, once they were inside the car.

"I can't open it," replied the shaky clerk. "I don't know the combination. It can only be opened by someone who has the combination."

"He's telling the truth," said Frank. "We'd better blow it open."

"Go ahead, then," ordered Jennings. The dynamiter set his five sticks of dynamite, attached a long fuse, lit it and then quickly retreated to the other end of the car, where Al, Frank and the express clerk had barricaded themselves against the blast.

There was a flash of flame and a roar. But when the smoke had cleared, the safe was still intact, although the car was badly damaged. The charge had not been powerful enough. Al was furious at seeing such a large haul slip through his fingers, but he was smart enough to know he couldn't hang around very much longer. Back in town they would soon be wondering why the train was so late.

Nor did he want the job to be a complete loss. Leaping to the saddle, he galloped to the head of the train. In the passenger cars, two of the bandit gang were holdin' the terrified passengers in their seats by brandishing their weapons.

"Line 'em all up outside," Jennings ordered. "Everybody march out with his hands in the air."

Mindful of the bandits' six-shooters, the passengers complied. While one of the bandits covered the passengers, Jennings and the third robber walked down the line, searching the train-

riders, taking wallets, watches, rings—anything of value. At the very end of the line stood a young woman and a trembling old man, Jennings stopped.

"Where's your money?" he asked the young woman.

"It's in my purse," she replied. "Three hundred dollars. It's all we've got in the world. Father's sick and we'll need that money. But if it will buy me the privilege of taking him back into the car, I'll gladly give it to you."

"No, thanks, lady," responded Jennings. "I don't take that kind of money." He tipped his hat. "You can go on back into the car, lady."

Gathering up their loot, they fired a few shots into the air and were off. Once they were away, the station agent rushed to his telegraph key and tapped off the news of the train robbery. It wasn't long before an armed posse was on the scene, and picking up the trail of the bandit gang, gave chase.

Realizing that they would be pursued, the members of the gang split up, each riding in a different direction. All of them got away unscathed.

It was a year or more before Al Jennings came back to the same vicinity. He joined his brother Frank at a pre-arranged rendezvous and after organizing another gang, tried to rob a bank in a little Oklahoma town. But this time their plans went awry; the plan was foiled and the bandits rode away with the law in hot pursuit.

Shortly after the chase was started, Frank Jennings was badly wounded. He fell from his horse and Al wanted to stop to help his brother.

"Don't bother about me, Al," Frank shouted weakly. "I'm done for. Take care of yourself."

The few moments' delay brought the hard-riding posse in sight of Al, and a deputy's bullet furrowed his thigh. But Al knew what capture would mean, and doggedly rode on. All that night he rode in the darkness as best he could. He didn't get very far, of course, and when morning came, the law was still on his heels.

As the morning wore on, he rode his horse up a small stream. Soon a small farm hove into view, with a few horses in a corral. He put his horse into the corral and staggered weakly to the door. A young woman answered his knock.

"Can I have a drink, please?" gasped Jennings.

"Certainly, come right in," said the young woman.

As she opened the door to admit the bandit, Jennings collapsed inside. "Why, you're bleeding!" she said.

"Yes, I shot myself in the leg by accident," said Jennings weakly. The girl helped him to a couch. "I'll get some water from the stream to wash your wound," she said.

Jennings tried to stop her, fearing this was an excuse for her to summon aid. If she did, he was undone. But he was too weak to be effective, weak from loss of blood. She came back in a few minutes, with a basin of water.

"Now you lie still," she cautioned, "and no matter what happens, keep your eyes closed and your lips, too." Her instructions mystified Jennings. Suddenly there was a knock at the door.

The girl went to open it and framed in the doorway was a deputy sheriff. "Beg pardon, ma'am," he began. "Have you seen a man riding by on a—"

"Shh," murmured the girl. "My husband's sick and feverish. He's asleep. I don't want him awakened."

"Oh," said the officer. "I've been trailing one of the Jennings gang. Tried to rob a bank in town yesterday. Think he's been wounded, too. Say, what's that basin of water for?" he asked, suspiciously.

"My husband's had a fever," said the girl. "I've been washing his face, trying to cool him off. We'd better go outside and talk."

Once outside, the young woman convinced the sheriff that she hadn't seen hide nor hair of any stranger for the past day or two, but if she did, she'd try to get word to town. Warning her to be careful, the deputy left to continue his search.

Returning inside, the young woman turned to Jennings. "Now let's look at that wound and see what we can do for it," she said, dipping a cloth into the basin of water. She soon had it washed out and bandaged; a few hours rest revived Jennings. Then she gave him something to eat before he left.

"I don't know how to thank you, lady," the bandit began as he prepared to take his leave.

"That's all right, Al Jennings. Now we're even," she interrupted.

"Even? I don't understand," said Jennings. "How did you know who I was?"

"We've met before," responded the young woman. "The day you held up the train at Chickasha. Remember, I had only three hundred dollars in the world. But you—you didn't want that kind of money. Remember?"





# JOHN WAYNE

JOHN WAS BORN IN WINTERSET, IOWA, MAY 26, 1908. THIS TALL HUSKY GENT MISSED ANNAPOLIS BY ONE SINGLE POINT. BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP HIM.

HE WENT TO UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, AND STARRED ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM!



MARIO PERAZZO

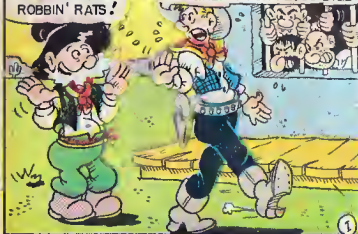


JOHN HAS DONE A NUMBER OF ODD JOBS, PICKED APRICOTS, TRUCKER AND PROP MAN. HE WAS GIVEN A PART IN "THE BIG TRAIL" AND HAS BEEN A STAR SINCE!



YEP, AH IS A PURTY GOOD SHERIFF AH IS! LOOK, TH' JAIL'S FULL O' MEAN ROBBIN' RATS!

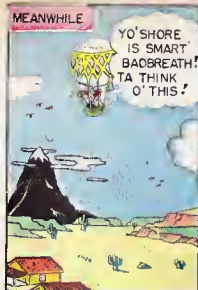
AH QUIT YO BRAGGIN'! YO WOULD HAVE UH HARD TIME EVEN CATCHIN' UH COLD IF IT WEREN'T FOR PECOS BILL!



WAL, ANYWAY IT MAKES MAH JOB UH SNAP! NO RATS GOT NERVE ENOUGH TA TRY UH HOLDUP WIF PECOS AROUND!



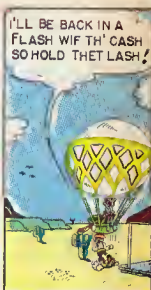
MEANWHILE



THAT'S IT, ROPE THET CACTUS  
BY TH BANK BONEHEAD! WE'LL  
OUTSMART PECOS THIS TIME!  
HEH, HEH!



I'LL BE BACK IN A  
FLASH WIF TH' CASH  
SO HOLD THET LASH!



LATER

HELP! SHERIFF! BAOBREATH MOE  
AN' BONEHEAO JOE JUST ROBBERO  
TH' BANK AN THEIR A'MAKIN' UH GETAWAY  
IN UH BALOON OO SOMETHIN'!

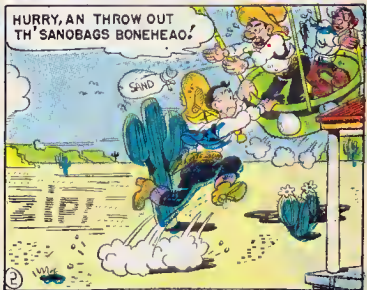
HURRY BAOBREATH!



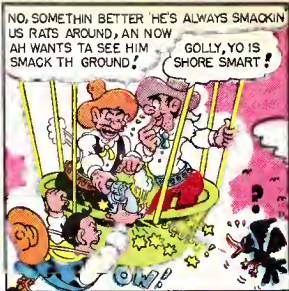
WAL, GOOBY GALS! AH CAN'T  
STAND AN LET YO DROOL OVER  
ME ANYMORE, THARS TROUBLE!



HURRY, AN THROW OUT  
TH' SANOBAGS BONEHEAO!







LET ME DOWN EASY BOYS! WAL, THARS MAH HOSS DEWDROP! HE MUST O' FOLLOWED TH BALOON!



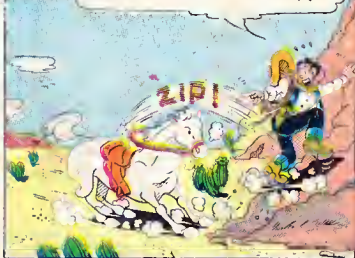
HMMM--- NOW HOW IS AH A'GONNA CATCH THEM RATS---HMM?



AH KNOW --- AH'LL GO SEE TH OL' EAGLE HAG THET LIVES A TOP VAMOOSE MOUNTAIN 'SHE'S TH ONLY PERSON THET CAN HELP ME!

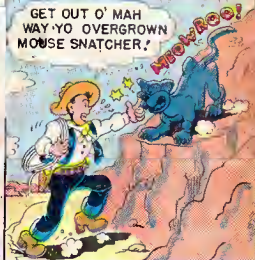


LATER - YO KIN GO BACK TA TOWN DEWOROP, AH WON'T BE A NEECIN' YO ANYMORE!

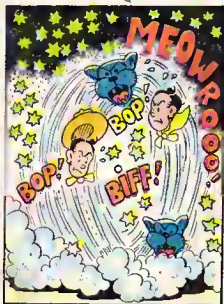


--- HALF WAY UP VAMOOSE MOUNTAIN!

GET OUT O' MAH WAY YO OVERGROWN MOUSE SNATCHER!



OH!--- SO YO WANTS TA BE NASTY ABOUT IT EH!?



NOW! LET THET BE UH LESSON TA YO!



**N**OBODY KNOWS JUST HOW OLD  
THE OL' EAGLE HAG IS, THE COUNT WAS  
LOST WHEN SHE WAS NINETY NINE!



WHO' THET AH SEES  
A' CLIMBIN' UP MAH MOUNTAIN?

IT'S ME, EAGLE HAG,  
PECOS BILL, 'AN' AH NEEDS  
YO HELP BAD!

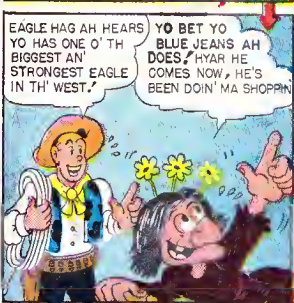
THEM IS POWERFUL  
PURTY FLOWERS  
YO HAS STUCK IN  
YO HAIR, EAGLE  
HAG!

**I**GNORT YOUNG'IN!  
THEY IS A GROWIN THAR,  
AH HAS SOME O' TH  
BEST SOIL IN TH WEST  
IN MA' HAIR, SHOULD BE  
IT TOOK MANY A WASHLESS  
YEAR TA GATHER IT!

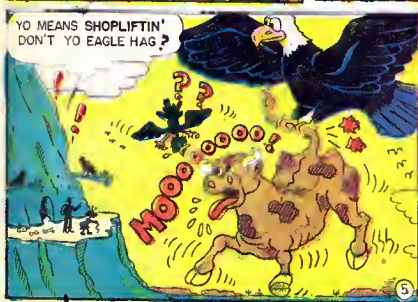


EAGLE HAG AH HEARS  
YO HAS ONE O' TH  
BIGGEST AN'  
STRONGEST EAGLE  
IN TH' WEST!

**Y**O BET YO  
BLUE JEANS AH  
DOES! HYAR HE  
COMES NOW, HE'S  
BEEN DOIN' MA SHOPPIN



**Y**O MEANS SHOPLIFTIN'  
DON'T YO EAGLE HAG?



EAGLE HAG AH NEEDS YO  
HELP! LISTEN, THIS MAH  
PLAN ---BUZZ ---BUZZ ---  
BUZZ---

**S**HORE AH'LL  
DO IT, PECOS!





LATER... UP HIGH IN THE BLUE ----

ULP---UGH---GLUB  
UGH---BLUB---L---LOO-  
LOOK---B-BADBREATH!

SHUT UP YOUR  
BLUBBERIN'  
AN A'CLAWIN AT  
ME AFORE AH  
DROPS YO OUT ON  
YO STUPID HEAD!



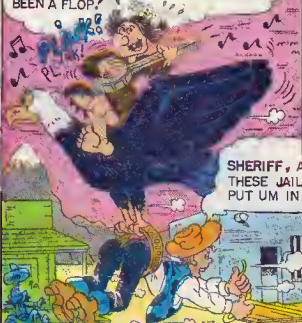
HELP! SAVE ME BADBREATH! IT'S HIS  
GHOST, AH IS TOO YOUNG TO DIE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER IN TOWN----

OH! AH DON'T LIKE TO  
BRAG!  
BUT AH IS TH OL' EAGLE  
HAG!  
THESE RATS AH HELPEO  
COP!

FO WIF OUT ME IT WOULD O' SHORELY  
BEEN A FLOP!

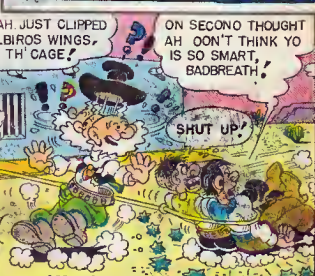


SHERIFF, AH JUST CLIPPED  
THESE JAILBIROS WINGS,  
PUT UM IN TH' CAGE!

ON SECONO THOUGHT  
AH OON'T THINK YO  
IS SO SMART,  
BADBREATH!

SHUT UP!

OH DEAR!



# MARSHAL OF AMARILLO

A Republic Picture

STARRING

ALLAN 'ROCKY' LANE  
and his stallion.....

BLACKJACK

WITH

EDDY WALLER

MILDRED COLES

CLAYTON MOORE

ROY BANCROFT

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

BY

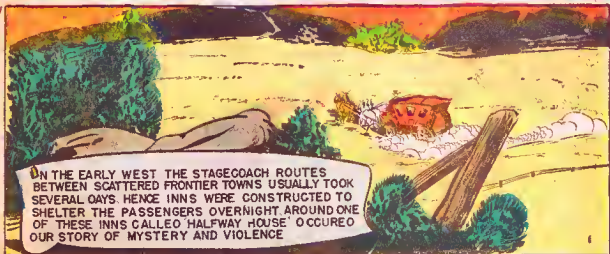
BOB WILLIAMS

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

GOROON KAY

DIRECTED BY

PHILIP FORD



ON THE EARLY WEST THE STAGECOACH ROUTES BETWEEN SCATTERED FRONTIER TOWNS USUALLY TOOK SEVERAL DAYS. HENCE INNS WERE CONSTRUCTED TO SHELTER THE PASSENGERS OVERNIGHT AROUND ONE OF THESE INNS CALLED 'HALFWAY HOUSE' OCCURED OUR STORY OF MYSTERY AND VIOLENCE

**NUGGET, AN OLD-TIME PROSPECTOR  
WAVES DOWN AND BOARDS THE  
STAGE HEADED FOR THE TOWN  
OF AMARILLO.**



**MR. UNDERWOOD, RETIRED  
EASTERN BUSINESSMAN  
AND HIRAM SHORT, A  
NOVELTY SALESMAN, ARE  
MAKING THE TRIP**



**SHORT LAUGHS AT NUGGET WHO HAD SAT  
DOWN ON A TOY SQUEAKING DOLL.**

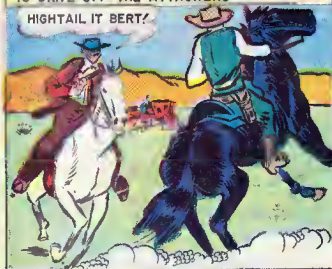


**SUDDENLY TWO MASKEO MEN  
APPEAR IN PURSUIT OF THE STAGE.**



**A VOLLEY OF SHOTS FROM NUGGET SEEM  
TO DRIVE OFF THE ATTACKERS**

**HIGHTAIL IT BERT!**

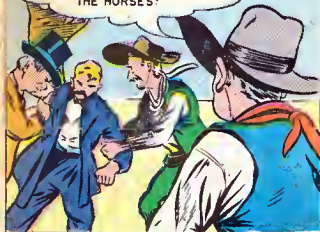


**THE STAGE DRIVER WHO IS IN CAHOOTS  
WITH THE ATTACKERS KNOCKS OUT  
KINGPIN CAUSING THE COACH TO RUN  
OFF THE ROAD. UNDERWOOD BANGS HIS  
HEAD RESULTING IN A SLIGHT INJURY.**





YOU FOLKS BETTER GO TO THE HALFWAY HOUSE, AN INN NEAR HERE, WHILE I TRY TO LOCATE THE HORSES!



AS THE PASSENGERS LEAVE THE TWO ATTACKERS APPROACH AND CONFER WITH BEN THE DRIVER.



THE BEORAGGLEO PASSENGERS FINALLY ARRIVE AT HALFWAY HOUSE.



UNDERWOOD AND SHORT REGISTER WHILE NUGGET IS CHECKING THE BAGGAGE. UNKNOWN TO HIM HE KNOCKS UNDOERWOOD'S PACKAGE INTO A CREVICE BETWEEN WALL AND COUNTER.



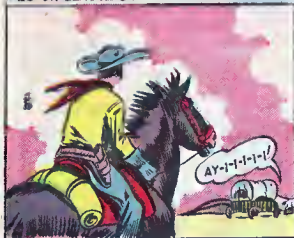
SUDDENLY, AS NUGGET APPROACHES THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS, HE SEES SHORT STAGGER WITH A KNIFE IN HIS BACK.



NUGGET GOES OFF IN A WAGON THAT WAS OUTSIDE THE INN NOT KNOWING THAT SHORT'S BODY HAS BEEN PLACED INSIDE.



**NUGGET RIDING ALONG DISCOVERS SHORTS BODY IN THE WAGON. HIS YELL IS HEARD BY ROCKY LANE WHO APPROACHES ON BLACKJACK.**



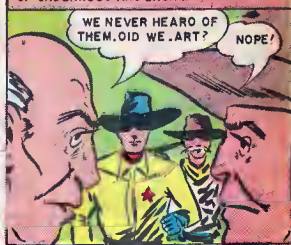
**ROCKY STOPS THE WAGON AND SHOWS NUGGET THE CORPSE AND HIS MARSHAL BOOGE.**



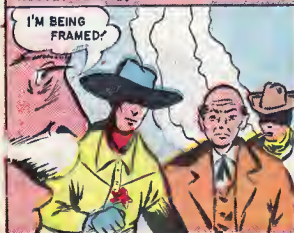
**ROCKY AND NUGGET RETURN TO HALFWAY HOUSE WHERE ART CRANOALL, STAGE AGENT AND WELCH, PROPRIETOR OF THE INN, ARE WAITING.**



**THE HOTEL REGISTER HAS BEEN SUBSTITUTED AND THERE'S NO RECORD OF UNDERWOOD AND SHORT.**



**ROCKY QUESTIONS BEN THE STAGE DRIVER, WHO HAS ARRIVED WITH THE STAGE, AND HE DENIES HE EVER SAW NUGGET BEFORE.**



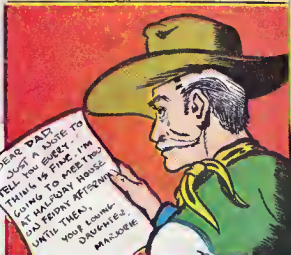
**BEN STEALS A LETTER FROM THE MAIL- ROCKY CHASES HIM BUT AS HE IS ABOUT TO CONFESS A SHOT COMES FROM THE DISTANCE AND BEN CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND.**



ROCKY JUMPS ON BLACKJACK AND RUSHES IN PURSUIT OF RIFLEMAN BUT LOSES HIM.



ROCKY RETURNS TO BEN'S BODY AND FINDS NUGGET READING THE STOLEN LETTER.



ROCKY AND NUGGET GO BACK TOWARD HALFWAY HOUSE TO WAIT FOR UNDERWOOD'S DAUGHTERS ARRIVAL.



THEY INTERCEPT HER IN A WAGON AND WARN HER OF HER FATHER'S DISAPPEARANCE.



SHE TELLS THEM...

HE HAD A SMALL PACKAGE CONTAINING 50,000 DOLLARS IN CASH TO BUY A CATTLE RANCH HE HAS BEEN NEGOTIATING FOR.



ROCKY HAS MARJORIE WRITE A SUBSTITUTE NOTE. SHE READS WHAT SHE HAS WRITTEN

DEAR DADDY, I'VE BEEN DELAYED ARRIVE LATE THE NIGHT YOU RECEIVE THIS NOTE. LOVE, MARJORIE.





BACK AT HALFWAY HOUSE NUGGET DROPS THE SUBSTITUTE LETTER BACK IN WITH THE OTHER MAIL.

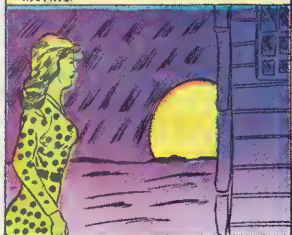
BEN, THE STAGED DRIVER HAS BEEN KILLED



I'M TAKING NUGGET BACK TO AMARILLO AS MY PRISONER!



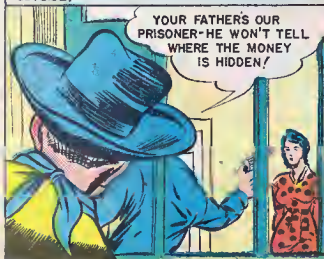
INSTEAD ROCKY AND NUGGET, WHO ARE NOW WORKING TOGETHER, GO TO THE RANCH WHERE MARJORIE HAS BEEN WAITING.



THEY ESCORT HER BACK TO HALFWAY HOUSE, BUT REMAIN OUTSIDE WHILE SHE GOES IN TO REGISTER.



THE CLERK SHOWS HER TO A ROOM WHERE HE DRAWS A GUN. ROCKY EAVES DROPS OUTSIDE.



ROCKY AND NUGGET BREAK INTO THE ROOM. THE CLERK JUMPS OUT OF THE WINDOW AND NUGGET SHOOTS HIM AS HE RUNS AWAY



CRANDALL AND WELCH, APPARENTLY AWAKENED BY THE NOISE, NOW APPEAR.



NUGGET AND ROCKY BEGIN TO SEARCH THE HOTEL FOR THE MONEY.



NUGGET RECALLS AT BAGGAGE DESK.

I REMEMBER NOW, I HAD UNDERWOOD'S PACKAGE RIGHT HERE—MUST HAVE KNOCKED IT OFF THE COUNTER!

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!



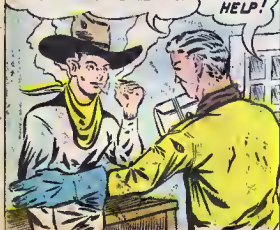
GRANDALL GAVE HIMSELF AWAY WHEN HE SAID 50,000 DOLLARS. IF HE WASN'T IN ON THIS HOW'D HE KNOW WHAT WAS IN THE PACKAGE. WE'LL PROVE HE'S GUILTY IF YOU DO THIS.....



ROCKY HANDS THE PACKAGE TO GRANDALL.

BETTER PUT THIS IN YOUR VAULT FOR SAFEKEEPING!

HELP!  
HELP!



ROCKY RUSHES OUT WHILE GRANDALL WAITS.



GRANDALL WATCHES FROM THE WINDOW AS ROCKY APPARENTLY RIDES OFF, BUT IT IS REALLY NUGGET WHO HAS TAKEN ROCKY'S PLACE IN THE CHASE.



ROCKY HIDING SEES GRANDALL RIDE OFF WITH THE MONEY.



HE WATCHES AS GRANDALL STOPS AT A HIDDEN SHACK. NUGGET MEANWHILE HAS JOINED ROCKY.



THEY SEE THE MEN WHO HELD UP THE STAGE COME OUT OF THE SHACK WITH UNDERWOOD - GRANDALL SHOWS THEM THE MONEY.



ROCKY AND NUGGET ATTACK - GRANDALL PULLS A GUN, BUT ROCKY SHOTS FIRST. THE OTHERS SURRENDER.



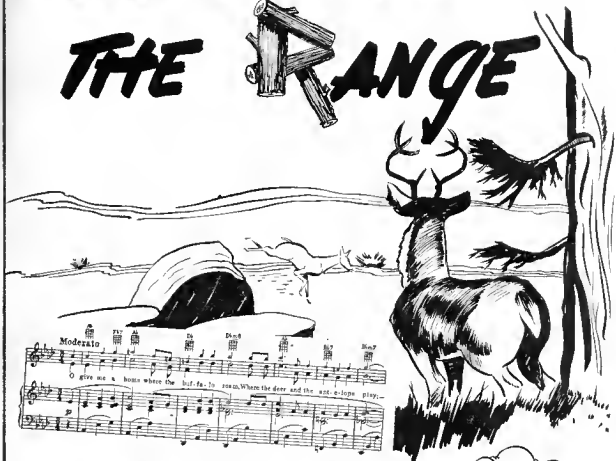
ROCKY AND NUGGET RIDE OFF WHILE MARJORIE AND HER FATHER ARE REUNITED.



WATCH REPUBLIC PICTURES ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ALLAN 'ROCKY' LANE AND BLACKJACK.



# HOME ON THE RANGE





**It's EASY**  
to  
**Win Him!**

**... when You Know How!**

**READ for YOURSELF!**

- |                                    |   |
|------------------------------------|---|
| How To Get Him To Date You         | How To Keep Him Guessing                      |
| How To Make Him Enjoy Your Company | How To Become His "One and Only"              |
| How To Interest Him In You         | How To "Make Up" With Him                     |
| How To Have Personality            | How To Keep His Love When Apart               |
| How To Overcome Inferiority        | How To Keep Your Soldier's Love When Reunited |
| How To Be Well-Mannered            | How To Get Him To Propose                     |
| How Not To Offend Him              |   |
| How To Improve Your Conversation   |   |

**AND MORE VALUABLE PAGES!**

**M**EN are funny—you never know whether you're making the right move or not. Avoid disappointment, *heart-break!* Save yourself lots of tragedy. Don't make embarrassing faux pas! Read **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BOYS** and discover for yourself the ABC and XYZ of successful strategy. Put psychology to work. No more clumsy mistakes for you—learn once and for all *how to get along with men* in this amazing handbook.

**SEND NO MONEY!**

**FREE** five days' examination of this book is offered to you if you send the coupon today! We will ship you your copy by return mail, in plain wrapper. If not delighted with results, after reading book, return it in 5 days and your money will be refunded. Stravon Publishers, 113 West 57th St., Dept. D1610 New York 19, N. Y.

**MAIL COUPON TODAY**

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. D1610  
113 West 57th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Send **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BOYS** in plain wrapper.

☐ Send C.O.D. and I will pay postman 98¢ plus postage.

☐ I enclose 98¢. Send postpaid.

If not delighted I may return it in 5 days and get my money back.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Canada — \$1.25 with order

